

WHITE CAPS



W. H. BROWN

WHITE CARS



1914

THE 1940
WHITE CAPS

PUBLISHED
BY

THE SENIOR CLASS

Vassar Brothers' Hospital

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK



JUNE 1940



DOROTHY L. BRINK

TO YOU—

*Whose friendship has been our anchor
Whose readiness has been our sail
Whose guidance has been our rudder
Whose efforts have brought us into port
With Sincere appreciation and pride
We dedicate our "White Caps."*



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

THE NIGHTINGALE PLEDGE

I SOLEMNLY pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly:

To pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my profession.

With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

White Cap Board

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CLASS MOTTO

"Out of the harbor, into the channel"

CLASS COLORS	CLASS ADVISER	CLASS FLOWERS
Blue and Silver	Dorothy L. Brink	Pink Rose and Delphinium

CLASS SONG

(Tune of—"South of the Border")

At Vassar Brothers, in staid old Home I,
That's where we came to train while other girls were having fun.
And now as we finish, our thoughts ever run
Back to those Probies in dear old Home I.

We learned to take it, to study, and clean,
Many the casualties that met the probe behind the screen.
And then we were capped, and the days fairly flew,
Happy together, old friends in Home II.

And we laughed as we struggled together,
Not forgetting that we were Seniors,
And we fought as we struggled together,
For Tower was our only Home.

It's goodbye to Vassar; we leave day by day;
In uniforms of white, with face alight, we go our way.
There'll be no returning and we cannot stay,
So goodbye to Vassar, God bless you today.

CLASS SONG

(Tune of—"Wearing of the Green")

Oh, classmates, dear, and did you hear, the news that's going round
We are let loose, we're on our own, our feet on solid ground;
No more to hear alarm clocks, no more to rise at dawn,
No more to please the T. S. O., or bear the doctor's scorn.

No more to go to classes, no more to answer bells;
No more to leave the 2 P. M.'s whenever someone yells;
No callouses, no headaches, no getting in by ten,
No formulas for babies, and no back cares for the men.

No rounds to make with doctors, no getting off by eight;
No case studies, no clinics, no case reports in late.
No probies to break in, and no underclass to fight,
For we have won the war against the stripes of blue and white.



RACHEL F. McCRIMMON
Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital



RACHEL E. COLE
Ass't Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital



SARA L. SWEET
Director of Education
Graduate of Newton Hospital

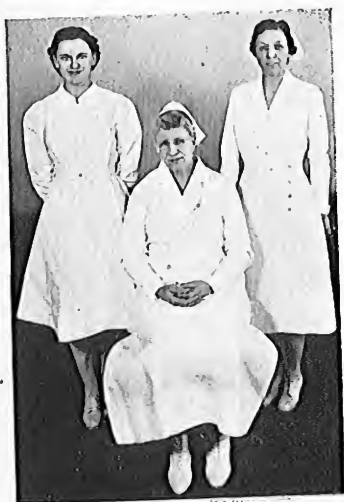


EDITH L. LINDBERG
Practical Instructor
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital

Supervisors and Assistants



Standing: Miss Hansen, Miss Kolbinski, Miss Husing, Mrs. VanDyne,
Miss Kerley, Miss Tripp, Miss Onderdonk, Miss Bingham, Miss Sease.
Seated: Miss Davidson, Miss Ferguson, Miss Knapp, Miss Claire,
Miss Tyler, Miss Brink, Miss Gleason.



Dietitians

Miss Spaulding
Miss Thompson
Miss Reuman

CLASS OF 1940



VIRGINIA ACKERT
RHINEBECK, NEW YORK

*Stidious, of ease, and fond
of humble things.*

DOROTHY BATTENFELD
KINGSTON, NEW YORK

*How lovely common things must seem
to you,
Who have such lovely eyes to see them
through.*



RUTH BORCHARD
GHENT, NEW YORK

*A heart to resolve,
A head to contrive
A hand to execute.*



• HELEN CAHALIN

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

*Grace was in every step, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love.*



B. AILEEN CATLIN

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

*Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives.*

HELEN CHUBB

YORK, PENN.

*Her modest looks a cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
thorn.*





MARJORIE CLAPP
WAPPINGERS FALLS, NEW YORK

*She seems of cheerful yesterdays,
and confident tomorrows.*

ROBERTA CLUM
SAUGERTIES, NEW YORK

*She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on.*



MARION CORNWELL
YONKERS, NEW YORK

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.



ALICE DARROW
KINGSTON, NEW YORK

*Dreams or illusions, call them what you will
They lift us from the commonplace of life
to better things.*



ELIZABETH FRICK
HUDSON, NEW YORK

*Wit, now and then, struck smartly
Shows a spark—*



PRISCILLA FULLAM
MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

*O! blessed with temper whose unclouded
ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today.*





HELEN GERMOND
CLINTON CORNERS, NEW YORK

*Courteous, though coy, and gentle,
though retired—*

PEARL GORDON
ROCK HILL, NEW YORK

For she who never doubted, never thought.



FRANCES HRITZ
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Whom not even critics criticize



MARY HULL
WASSAIC, NEW YORK

Her air, her manners, all echo saw, admired.



ELIZABETH KERNER
GHENT, NEW YORK

*Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And, therefore, let's be merry.*

ELIZABETH MACY
HUDSON, NEW YORK

Joy rises in me, like a summer's dawn.





ROBERTA MINKLER
MADALIN, NEW YORK

Merry and capricious as April sunshine.

JANE SECOR
MT. KISCO, NEW YORK

A pun well done is legitimate fun.



BETTY SHEPARD
MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

And mistress of herself, though china fall—



ROWENA WAELEDE
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Imbued with sanctity of reason.



HELEN WOOD
ROSCOE, NEW YORK

*The weak, and the gentle, the ribald and
the rude,
She took as she found them, and left them
all good.*



OUR LIVES ARE LIKE SHIPS

One ship goes North, one ship goes South,
On the selfsame wind, you know;
'Tis the way the big white sails are set,
That controls the way you go.

And our human lives are like ships at sea,
And we go the way we will;
If with all our might we will set our sails,
For the port of good or ill.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

In united session, June 5, 1940

The unanimous declaration of the Senior Class

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a Class of Seniors to dissolve the bands of association which have united them with one another, and to assume, among the alumnae of Vassar Brothers' Hospital, the separate and equal station of graduate nurses, the desire for an unprejudiced hearing requires that they should write down the highlights of their course of training.

We hold these truths to be self evident: that all nurses start equally as probationers; that, during their first five months, they are thoroughly instructed as to Anatomy, Materia Medica, and nursing procedures; that there follow two and a half years of close association, hard work, occasional mishaps, and much laughter. Prudence, indeed, would dictate that experiences thus shared should not be concluded for light or transient reasons. Thus, as the class below us waits to take our places, and as we have fulfilled all accepted requirements, it is our right, it is our duty, to end this pleasant unity and to provide for our own individual security. Before we do this, let us submit a few candid facts to our hearers.

We entered training in two groups, on February 8th and September 7th, 1937.

We went on the wards, and learned that lysol and water can not be mixed indiscriminately, and that the penalty for mitering corners incorrectly is mitering more corners.

We went to the T. S. O. after five months and learned that the biggest thrill in training is donning a piece of white linen.

We went on our first night duty and learned that even sideboards won't keep some patients in bed.

We went to the Diet Kitchen, and learned that a little water in the bottom of the teakettle will save a lot of discussion.

We went to Babies' and learned that there are two entrances to Maxwell Hall.

We went to the O. R. and learned that when tempers rise, clamps fly.

We went to Wd. 6 and learned that the youngest generation waits for no nurse (or doctor).

We went on a hayride, and learned that a few well placed kicks can be effective.

We held a St. Pat's Cabaret, and learned that discretion is advisable.

We were given our blue bands and learned that we had about nine case studies yet to do.

We went in charge of the wards and learned that rounds can be very embarrassing.

We cleaned shoes and learned that the internes' were the dirtiest.

We sponsored a Holiday Hop and learned that all Senior dances are not flops.

We graduate, and learn that parting brings sweet sorrow.

Therefore, we, the class of 1940, of Vassar Brothers' Hospital, united for the last time in this, our record of three years achievement, appealing to those who take our places for the rectitude of our mistakes, do solemnly publish and declare that we are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent nurses, and that though we be lawfully absolved from all past associations, it is with reluctance, rather than triumph, that we greet our independence, and with pride that we recognize an invisible tie that unites us to our training school.

Signed by the Class of 1940

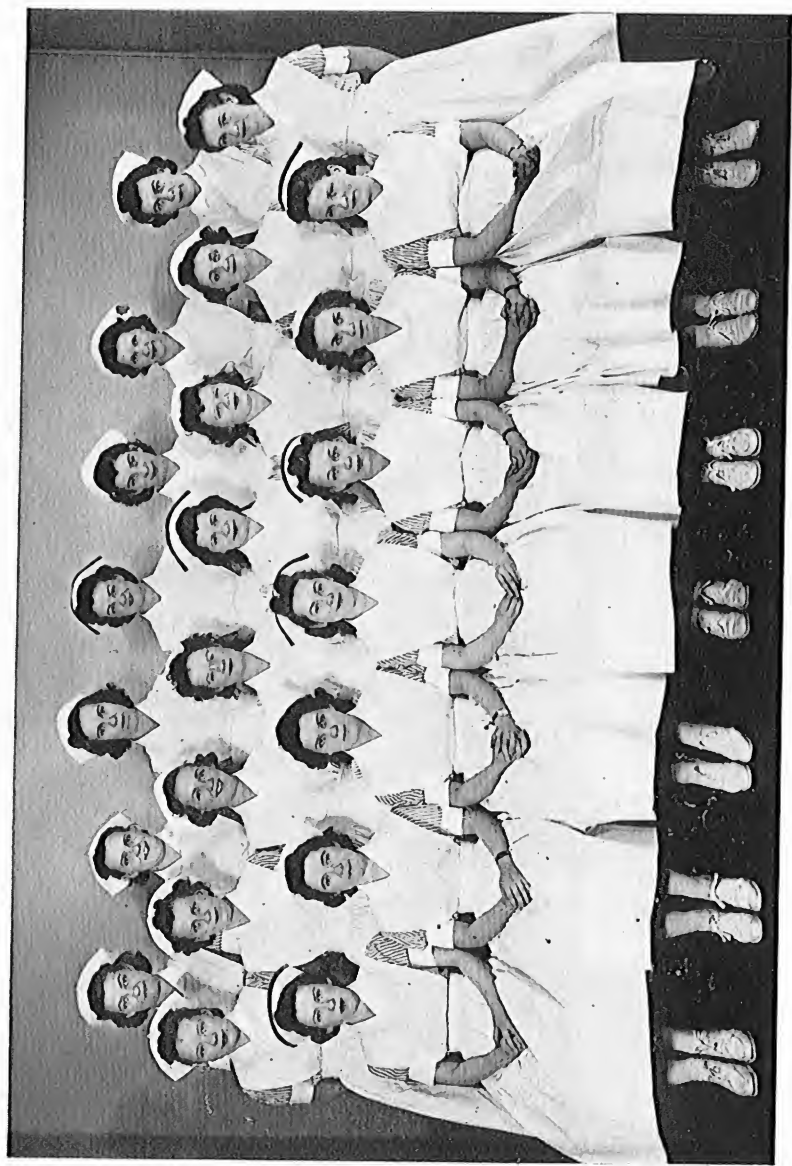
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IN MEMORIAM

DR. J. NEWTON BOYCE

A valued member of our medical staff since 1924

[REDACTED]



Book Reviews of 1941

"Pioneer Days" by I. M. Probie

Written with many a heartache and backache between the lines, this absorbing book is the true account of the class from their entrance as probationers to their desired goal of being capped. Live with us through some of our embarrassing experiences, as—a knock upon the door, a probie shouts "Come in if you're good looking," and Miss McCrimmon enters.

"Work Alone and Like It" by Knight Duty

A fast moving collection of those exciting "days in the dark." Elaborate description of what to do when you're alone. The suspense, responsibilities and good times of the ever faithful crew—the night force.

"How To Entertain at Parties" by B. Gay

This book is a collection of invaluable memories of unforgettable times. It contains the humorous tale of an initiation, descriptions of a successful Christmas party, an original idea of a cupid's frolic and what the well dressed ghost should wear at Hallowe'en.

"In An Alien Land" by U. R. Strange

True accounts of two different

environments, the bright lights of New York, and life at a big woman's college. Learn how to reach the Bronx by subway, and how a virtuous student can skip morning prayers and get away with it. This book shows how Vassar collegiates deal with children, also what to do when John throws a tantrum and Judy refuses to eat.

"O. R." by O. O. Suture

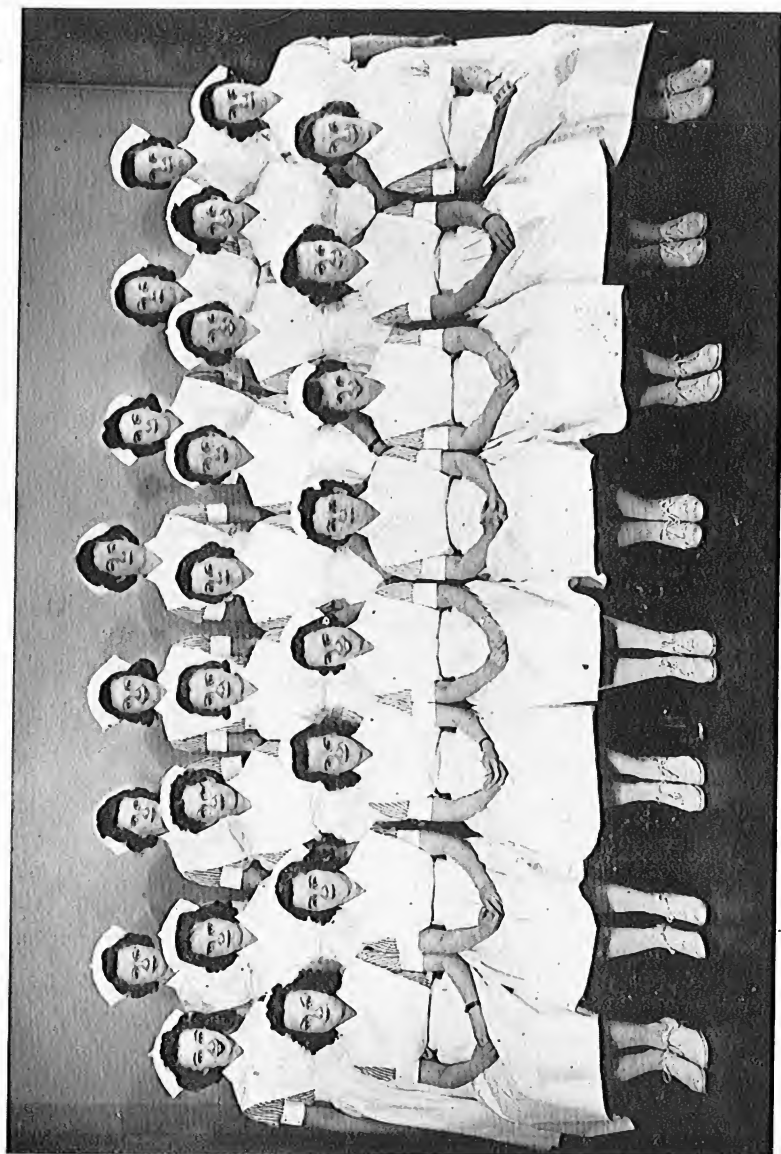
In this novel we enter a new and thrilling field of "ectomies," "otomies," and "orrhaphies." Why not read this to find out what a "hocus-pocus" is to a certain doctor, and the right technique for swinging a mop.

"My First Baby" by O. B. Student

This is a stirring novel of stork versus elevator; a story of forceps and precipis. Time and accuracy are important factors in this phase of life. Appealing in its reality and experiences it will be enjoyed by all its readers.

"Blue Stripes" by W. E. Hope

A background of two years of training is the setting of this triumphant novel, and the characters are six girls who have already reached their second goal, while the others are anxiously waiting their big day.



Class History of '42

Class history of '42 we shall now relate to you—

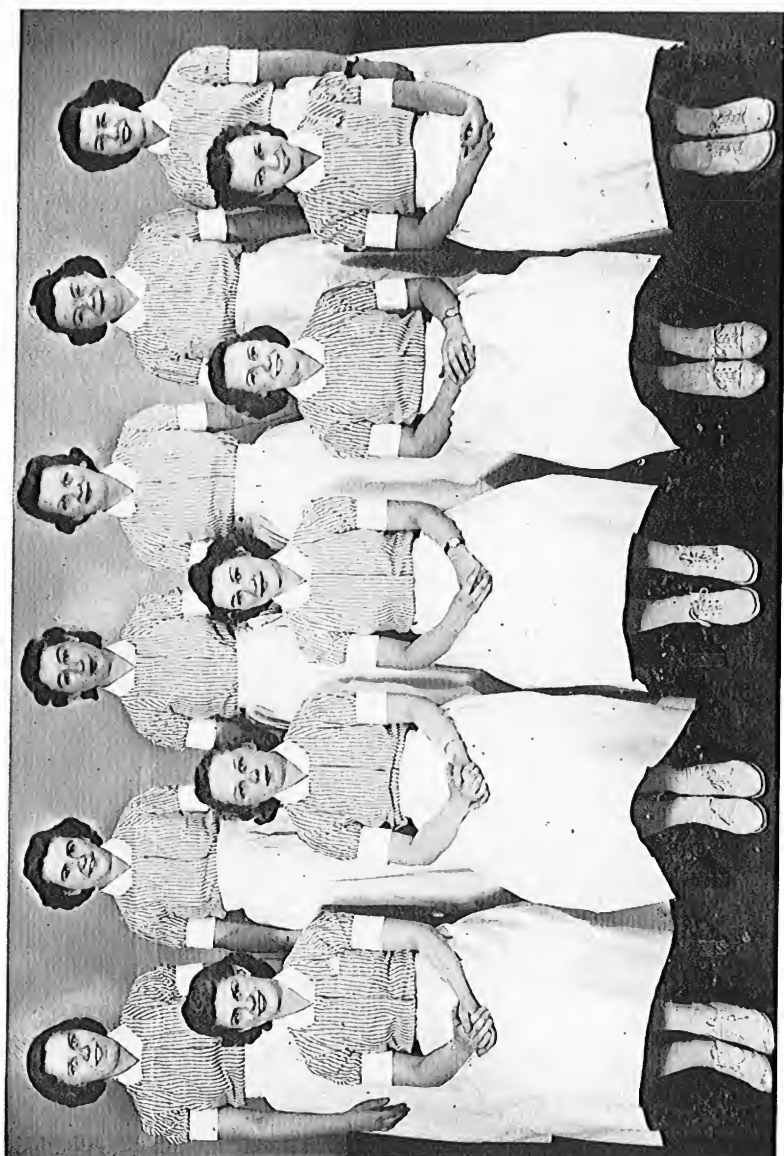
As probies we came green and new,
Enrobed ourselves in smocks of blue.
We toured the hospital and wondered if
We'd ever change to cap and bib.

Then came the grand and glorious day,
Of wondering what the T. S. O. would say;
Then with cap on our head and smile in our heart
At last of this place we were a part.

We held a party on Hallowe'en night,
And a scavenger hunt to our delight,
Night duty was the next great event,
Hours so long and so solemnly spent.

In April the first class meeting was held,
The future of our class to weld;
We chose our officers as best we knew,
To serve us for the whole year through.

And now we live in hopes and fears
Of what will come in future years.



We, The Probies

As yet we haven't much to remember, but we'll never forget:

When Pucky from Peekskill misplaced her watch and we all cleaned our dresser drawers in a fruitless search.

When somebody told Miss Sweet that muscles are found on the beach.

When Comer once got up in class without dropping more than one book.

When "Puss" had a date with a certain "Mr. Smith."

When we christened Robertson's Easter rabbit "Probie."

When we first went on the wards to make beds.

When Stewart got Fanny Farmer's candy at regular intervals.

When Barnes dialed a socialite whose father owns a yacht.

When Judy was mysteriously awakened at half-hour intervals from 11 P. M. to 2 A. M.

When Miss Bingham entered Ward 4 to find Yank mopping the floor.

When we wore our uniforms for the first time.

When Covey failed to get less than four letters a day.

When we didn't want breakfast the morning after we found cereal in our "pie-beds."

When Yank got hysterical and we threw her in the "hot shower."

CLASS OF 1943

SENIOR CENSUS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Answers to</i>	<i>Usually Found</i>	<i>Aversion</i>	<i>Greatest Achievement</i>	<i>Greatest Mistake</i>
Ackert	"Ginny"	with a book	watching O. B.'s	learning the pledge	precip
Battenfeld	"Dotty"	giggling	thick eyebrows	gum snapping	deputy sheriffs
Borchard	"Butch"	cleaning her room	night duty	the Yearbook	the Yearbook
Cahalin	"Helen"	dancing	nickname "Callahan"	New Year's in N. Y.	Barium douche
Catin	"Buttons"	waiting for a letter	D. K.	Keeping Herr-Man	broadmindedness
Chubb	"Chubby"	dating	breakfast	an interne	ditto
Clapp	"Clip"	with a cold	gossip	riding in ambulance	falling for a sailor
Clum	"Clummy"	"twiddling" her hair	staying in	being a twin	sleigh riding
Cornwell	"Corny"	worrying	sore feet	asking questions	applying a tourniquet
Darrow	"Darrow"	out	multipara	having triplets	champagne taste
Frick	"Fricky"	relaxing	lifting patients	cleaning hoppers	forgetting false teeth
Fullam	"Pre"	in the bathtub	V. B. H. seafood	her sincerity	her appendectomy
Germund	"Gerry"	in a car	Herman	baby-talk	mixing dates
Gordon	"Flash"	playing pinochle	Ward 4	nothing as yet	being Literary Editor
Hritz	"Hritzie"	collecting dues	mice and men	balancing budget	good nature
Hull	"Mary"	at the telephone	breakfast dates	baking cake	her eyelashes
Kerner	"Betty"	in trouble	case studies	raising rabbits	lending clothes
Macy	"Mace"	with a songsheet	perpetual teasing	defining "engagement"	canned steam
Minkler	"Bertie"	with Tony	no new clothes	hope chest	midnite lines at 10
Secor	"Jane"	listening to the radio	underclassmen	embroidering	her night attire
Shepard	"Shep"	on someone else's bed	working overtime	keeping thin	nursery school
Waelde	"Waelde"	on duty after seven	being bullied	collecting ads	unknown
Wood	"Woodie"	in slacks	O. R.	vocabulary	shooting a rabbit

Senior Serenade

I Poured My Heart into a Song—Clapp
Chatterbox—Cornwell
Baby Me—Germond
Sophisticated Lady—Darrow
Little Skipper—Shepard
Night Owl—Wood
Sweet and Lovely—Catlin
Broadway Rhythm—Cahalin
Jumping Jive—Kerner
Love in Bloom—Chubb
There's a Far Away Look in Your Eye—Waelde
Confucius Say—Dr. Colby
You're a Sweet Little Headache—Minkler
Searching For a Dream—Borchard
Why Doesn't Somebody Tell Me These Things—Gordon
Drifting and Dreaming—Morphine and Scopolomine
The Little Man Who Wasn't There—Mort
In the Still of the Night—Midnight Rounds
Faithful Forever—Hritz
Just Another Night—Night Duty
Little Red Fox—Frick
Just in Time—Racing for the Delivery Room
Dig-Dig-Dig—Well All Right—Pediculi
Stop Beating Around the Mulberry Bush—Frank
Three's a Crowd—Ward V's Triplets
The Masquerade Is Over—Class of '40
Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride—Probies
Scissors and Knives To Grind—Jimmy, the Orderly
God Bless America—Secor
Oh, I Must See Annie Tonight—On call for the O. R.
Boola, Boola—Clum
I've Got My Eye on You—Hull
I Kind of Dream—Battenfeld
I Want My Share of Love—Macy
Smiles—Fullam
At Least You Could Say Hello—Miss Bingham
Don't Worry About Me—Ackert





Did You Know That--

Raising the left eyebrow in pregnancy is a sign of complications?
A douche tip was once used as a drinking tube?
You can get sterile steam in the O. R. now?
A tourniquet can be placed about the neck?
Home 2 had a patented device—hip reducer, hair curler, and hemorrhoid protector?
Miss Knapp's two ambitions are to turn cartwheels and yodel?
Dr. Meyer and Dr. Greenan use size 8 gloves?
Dr. Colby has much in common with the Little Red Fox?
Dr. Greenan is experimenting with a new inflammable depilatory?
Dr. Del "nose" all about post nasal Murphy drips?
Miss Claire is in-Vince-ble?

Remember When

Cornwell thought egg shells made good soup?
We gave pitressin without rectal tubes?
Woodie made delicious cocoa (with salt) in Diet Lab?
Secor left an O. B. belt on an O. R. patient?
Kerner went for a ride on Ward 2's dumbwaiter?
"Obstetrical Annabelle" delivered five pups one X-mas morning?
Hull applied a mustard plaster in 318 and had to scrub it off with soap and water?
Darrow walked in her sleep and was found in an uninhabited room with a mattress pad for a blanket?
We forgot to sign for overnight?
Waelde was taken to the D. R.?
Bill and Al carried an O. B. downstairs on a stretcher?
Miss Brink smelled apples in Ward 5's nursery?
Hritz left the fudge kettle in the bathtub for a week?
Frick was a trapeze artist in the solarium?
Borchard and Gordon gave such an apt impersonation of an O. B. that Davy feared a precip?
Hritz mistook the symphysis pubis for distention?
Catlin flamed adhesive on herself in the A. R.?
We slaved every other night in Butch's room to get this thing out?



Class Prophecy

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

By Judy Vassar, June 5, 1950

The "Poughkeepsie Microbe" will award a case of mumps for every timely question submitted and used in this column. Today's award goes to Miss Scarlett O'Fever, Isolation Room, Ward 4, Vassar Brothers' Hospital.

THE QUESTION—What was the most absurd or amusing incident in your career?

THOSE QUESTIONED—Class of 1940.

THE ANSWERS

VIRGINIA ACKERT, Obstetrician at the Lying In Hospital, Boston, Mass.

On my first private case, upon learning the dismay of the young father at the arrival of a feminine addition to the family, I suggested that he call Western Union for a boy.

AILEEN CATLIN, India.

I forgot to bring any safety pins with me from America, but by the time the ninth one came, I had learned how to tie a knot from three corners.

JANE SECOR, Broadway, New York.

I entered a marathon contest at Sloppy Joe's, but I forgot to wind my watch and missed the Hit Parade the next Saturday night.

BETTY KERNER, Ghent, New York.

I married for love instead of money. I'm back at my old job doing general duty on Ward 5, worrying about six red headed kids at home.

ALICE DARROW, Bronx, New York.

I took an apartment with an old friend of mine, Helen Cahalin. I'm on night duty yet, and she's still practicing tap dancing for the "Broadway Melody of 1960."

HELEN WOOD, Alaska.

I diagnosed and treated an Eskimo for encephalitis. After death, realizing the probability of overexposure to cold, I did an autopsy, which revealed the insides of an Eskimo.

RUTH BORCHARD, Editor of the "Poughkeepsie Microbe."

I took Gordon into the printing business with me, expecting a little

cooperation, but she's running a gratis nursing home for her relatives, back in the sticks, and I'm paying rent for two.

ROBERTA CLUM, Arizona.

Since my marriage, I moved out west, and thus missed my ex-classmate, Elizabeth Macy, in her first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera, where she made her debut, after several years study abroad.

PRISCILLA FULLAM, Superintendent of Nurses, Massachusetts General.

I went swimming with Betty Shepard, now lifeguard at Revere Beach, but she was so busy saving male lives that she forgot to keep an eye on me. I went under three times, had to give myself artificial respiration, and am still recuperating.

HELEN GERMOND, Pleasant Valley, New York.

Dotty Battenfeld and I married farmers, and are experimenting on dehydration of cows to produce evaporated milk.

MARION CORNWELL, 5th Avenue, New York.

I've been editing the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column in the weekly Mirror for five years. Six months ago, Rowena Waelde, head of the Bacilli Waeldei Welfare Association, wrote that the love bug had at last bitten her. What to do? I ordered Sulfanilimide-methathiazol, and now she has an incurable case of men-osis. So that's the long and short of us.

ELIZABETH FRICK, Dietitian in Hell's Kitchen.

Hritz and I have been chief cooks for six years. We have been working on a low caloric, fat free, reducing diet, but we made some mistake computing calories, and now we cut mean figure eights.

ROBERTA MINKLER, Foughkeepsie, New York.

Mary Hull and I are joint owners of Ye Olde Beauty Shoppe. We tried out a new rejuvenating facial cream, only to learn that our patients were offered old age pensions ahead of time.

MARJORIE CLAPP, Wappingers Falls, New York.

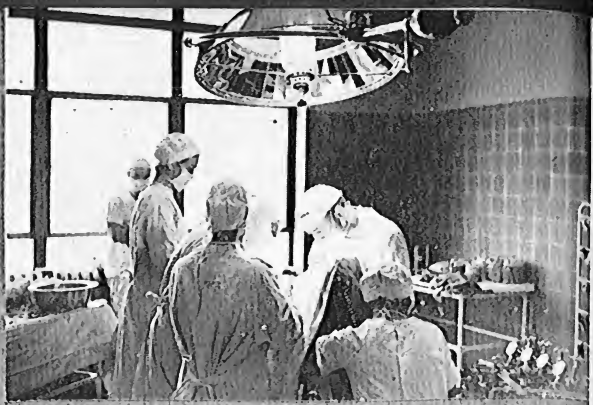
I have been an ambulance driver for three years. Last week, on an out of town call, I picked up an old classmate of mine, Miss Helen Chubb, who had supposedly received a third degree burn while shooting pictures of the contenders in a local Child Beauty Contest. After rushing her directly to V. B. H., and causing a flurry of excitement, I learned that she was only blushing.

Specialties

Best dancer—Cahalin
Most cheerful—Clum
Most dignified—Ackert
Class bluffer—Gordon
Noisiest—Kerner
Class giggler—Battenfeld
Most optimistic—Hull
Most bashful—Cornwell
Wittiest—Frick
Class singer—Macy
Executive ability—Borchard
Smartest—Catlin
Cutest—Minkler
Class blonde—Chubb
Quietest—Waelde
Best disposition—Hritz
Nicest smile—Fullam
Class acrobat—Clapp
Best comeback—Secor
Best dresser—Darrow
Littliest—Shephard
Most athletic—Wood
Neatest—Germond

Ideal Doctor

Energy—Dr. Colby
Bedside Manner—Dr. Rogers
Politeness—Dr. Simon
Generosity—Dr. Meyer
Memory—Dr. Harrington
Consideration—Dr. Smith
Grooming—Dr. Hedgecock
Poise—Dr. Moffit
Friendliness—Dr. Breed
Dignity—Dr. Jacobus
Diligence—Dr. Malven
Sincerity—Dr. Stoller



Last Will and Testament

We the class of 1940 of Vassar Brothers' Hospital School of Nursing, being sound of mind and memory, do make, publish, and declare this to be our last Will and Testament:

First, to the Training School Office we do give back all the highly complimentary remarks that they have so generously bestowed, with the request that they be given as freely to our successors.

Second, to the staff doctors we leave another Senior class to criticize.

Third, to the supervisors and graduates we donate a book entitled "Memoirs of a Student Nurse" so they'll remember when.

Fourth, to the student body we bequeath our crammed intellect, our superhuman amount of endurance, and our remarkable ability to keep our chins up against adversity.

Fifth, to the various members of our hospital personnel we leave as follows:

Miss Minkler to Miss Bates: an alarm clock to wake her up.

Miss Chubb to Miss Sarinsky: her "les affaires d' Amore'."

Miss Catlin to Miss Hallenbeck: her ability to print.

Miss Macy to Miss Plain: her sore corn. She can use it for an excuse.

Miss Borchard to Miss Richardson: a hot air bath B. I. D. to eliminate her affections.

Miss Fullam to Miss Brock: an anchor to keep her in her place.

Miss Secor to Miss Lasher: her ability to make pic-beds.

Miss Wood to Miss L. Thomson: an electric dishwasher.

Miss Kerner to Miss Lewis: a bazooka to save her voice.

Miss Gordon to Miss Husted: her unused capsules of iron, ammonium citrate.

Miss Cornwall to Miss Nagle: her height and modesty.

Anna Tabor: a clean kitchen.

Class of '41: a free penny candy bar apiece.

Miss Reuman: a rear vision mirror.

Dr. Harrington: a few more moles to excise.

Dr. Colby: a pair of roller skates.

Dr. Del: a pair of eyebrow tweezers.

Dr. Greenan: more Miller-Abbott tubes to insert.

Dr. Powers: more triplets for Ward 6.

Mr. Weber: bifocals for closer inspection.

Mr. Bacon: an extra bed for an emergency.

Mr. Hoffstetter: a whistle that works.

Miss Spaulding: a larger scoop for the ice cream.

Ward 6: a new stretcher.

Dr. Neighbors: a portable ash tray.

Miss Brink, our class adviser; a vote of thanks.

And so we, the class of 1940, being in full possession of our senses,
do hereby set our hand and seal to this document.

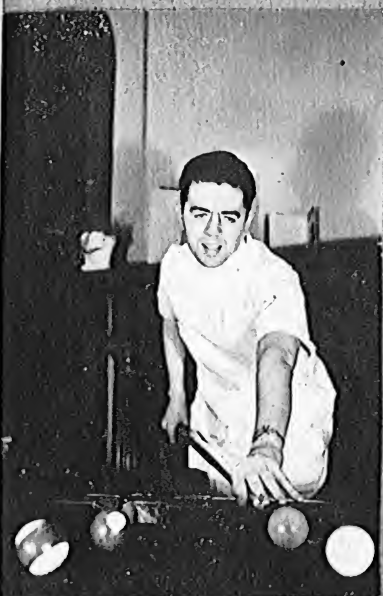
Witnessed on this fifth day of June in this the year of one thousand
nine hundred and forty.

Ed

Bill

Jack

Del



Routine

We crawl out of bed at 6 A. M.
And sign for breakfast as soon as we can;
We rush on duty and make out the slips,
And greet the night nurse with a smile on our lips.
The A. C.'s are given and breakfast comes in,
And the ward routine we now begin.
Beds are made and floors are swept,
The D. and C.'s are ready for "prep";
The telephone rings for the B. M. R.'s.
While we are charting the T. P. R.'s.
By now the N. P. N.'s are due,
And P. S. P.'s are collected, too.
Before we are able to do much more
We hear that our chief is on the floor.
We hurry to check the T. I. D.'s
And see that we've taken all the B. P.'s
Luncheon is served and off we go
To leave the place for an hour or so.
Back again to serve the trays;
Now this goes on for days and days.
Thus we have tried to portray in verse
The routine life of a student nurse.

To All Good Fellows Alike

As I roam here and there, ere my journey's end,
May I always find friends just as true,
May Dame Fortune in kindness my daily path bend
To a bunch of good fellows like you.

In this life I have found that we get what we give.
We are done to, forsooth, as we do;
So my prayer is that I may live while I live
With a bunch of good fellows like you.

There's a glint in your eye, there's a clasp in your hand,
There's a tone in your voice always new;
I think paradise must be some sort of a land
With a bunch of good fellows like you.

Here's a pledge to your health, to your joy, your success,
For the folk of your kind are too few;
There is something to hearten, to gladden, to bless
In a bunch of good fellows like you.

Can You Imagine?

Clummie getting up before 6:55 A. M.?
Woodie without a cigarette?
Bertie without Tony?
Hull without a telephone in Tower?
The Year Book Staff without an argument?
Night duty without classes?
Dr. Colby not busy?
Ackert a jitterbug?
Gordon's cap on straight?
Cahalin in bed by 10:30?
Catlin without the U. S. Mails?
Secor without a radio?
Macy without vocal chords?
Frick without a comeback?
Chubby without a late leave?
Darrow without a day-dream?
Shephard weighing 150 pounds?
Jerry without a grouch at 6:30 A. M.?
Fullam without an accent?
Senior Float without O. B.'s?
Corny not worrying?
Hritz leaving anything undone?
Battenfeld without a giggle?
Dr. Greenan not teasing?
Eight hour duty?
Seniors on day duty for the annual dance?
Clapp raising her voice?
The O. R. without Dr. Harrington?
Borchard without an answer in class?
Waelde without a conscience?
Ward 2 without sideboards?
Miss Melvin without a mop?
Dr. Powers always ready and willing, as well as able?
Gene speaking above a whisper?
Miss McCrimmon without a miscreant in her office?
Dr. Del. without a camera?
Kerner with all her clothes in her closet when her mother comes?
Miss Lindberg untidy?



IF

If you can please the staff nurses and the doctors,
The superintendent and the patients, too,
The patients' families and your senior nurses,
'Twould seem that you'd have quite enough to do.

If you can please the Czarines of the pantry,
The Napoleons who massage and bathe the hall,
And yell at you for not walking on the ceiling,
If you can smile when you have missed a friend's phone call.

If you can please the internes and attendings,
And hold your tongue when the buck they try to pass,
Or when the orderlies and office workers
Think your day is lost without their sass.

If you can stay your tears when in the pharmacy
They ask for whom and why you want your wares,
And send you back again for requisitions
To make you climb what seems a million stairs.

If you survive eight long weeks in the O. R.
With "Tie my gown" and "Pass me this or that,"
With thirteen sinks to scrub each weary evening
Still don't give up and leave your training flat.

If you don't swear the night you've got a "heavy"
And are informed it's your turn to relieve,
If you still stick when lying tongues run rampant,
That those in charge of you seem to believe;

If you can glide by Bill at nearly midnight,
When you know you should be in by ten-fifteen,
If you can live a week with just one late leave,
Then come in late and pass it off on Gene,

If you can keep your head when bells around you
Are ringing till you don't know what to do,
If you can keep your heart when handsome internes
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you.

If you can finish up your course in nursing
And feel that these three years have been quite mild
Yours is the earth—but I am here to tell you
You're not a nurse; you are a wonder, child.

Our Thanks To

Miss Sweet for her advice, helpful criticism and cooperation.

Dr. Del Guidice, our snapshot photographer, for his time, interest, and judgment in portraying our activities.

Our readers, for any word of appreciation.

Our patrons, for their help.

Getting out this "*White Caps*" is no picnic.

If we print jokes, people say we are silly—if we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we clip from other papers we are too lazy to write it down ourselves—if we don't, we are stuck on our stuff.

If we don't print contributions we don't appreciate true genius—if we do, the book is full of junk.

If we make a change in a fellow's write-up, we are too critical—if we don't, we are asleep.

Now, like as not, someone will say we swiped this from some other book!

WE DID. SO WHAT?

Bacteriological Song

Oh-h-h they float through the air with the greatest of ease

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Some are single and some are in pods,

Some are round and some are in rods.

They're found in the dust, in the dirt and the grime,

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And they make you sick as the deuce.

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